

A Monstrous shape.

O R A shapelesse Monster.

A Description of a female creature borne in Holland, compleat in every part,
save only a head like a swine, who hath travailed into many parts,
and is now to be scene in L O N D O N, 1640.

Shes loving, courteous, and effeminate,
And nere as yet could find a loving mate.

To the tune of the Spanish Pavin.



O f horned Vulcan I have heard,
His tatch were longer the his beard,
Whose monstrous looks made all afearo
which did that night behold him:
And of transformed Iacon,
Which like a Hart in Forest ran,
And how faire Lida like a Swan
transformed.

Of Robin Goodfellow also,
Which was a servant long agoe,
The Queen of Fairies doth it know,
and hindered him in fashion:
She knew not what she did her selfe,
She chang'd him like a Fairie elfe,
For all his money, goods, and pelfe,
She gull'd him.

But yet be brisk you Pankers bold,
And list to what I shall unfold.
Such news as foze was never told,
as I will now relate:
My subject is of such a Circle,
That hath both silver, gold, and pearle,
Yet never will be for an Earle
right fitted.

This Trokin as I understand,
Is now arriv'd from Dutchland,
And hath as much gold at command
that she would wish a crane:
Her portion threescore thousand pound,
Both coin and cattell on her ground,
As good as any may be found
in Holland.

Besides, a dainty Kasse is she,
A Boyes daughter in the Low country.
Her mother is in her degre
a very proper frow,
And all the Tribe from whence she came
Call her faire Wigs nye by her name,
Don't say they have reason for the same
hereafter.

To describe her from top to toe,
I purpose now for to doe so,
And shew how neatly she doth goe
when young men come a wooing:
She shews her pretty hie and foot,
A dainty leg adorning to't,
Her stockings silk, if that will do't
she cares not.

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The second part,

To the same tune.



Her person it is straight and tall,
Nimble white hand, her fingers small
Makes her the handsomest wench of all
That ever her father got :
In handfomnesse she doth excell
Both bounding Kate, and bonny Bell,
In dancing she doth beate the bell
Of many.

No choice of fare she is indeed,
As oft as she doth stand in need,
A silver trough she hath to feed,
When ever she wants victuall :
The silver trough is straight brought out
Wherein she puts her dainty snout,
And sweetly sucks till all is out
Of action.

And to speak further for her grace,
She hath a dainty white swines face,
Which shewes that she came of a race
That loved fat porke and bacon :
Yet would I not her kindred wrong,
Her nose I think is two foot long,
Also her breath is very strong
And fulsome.

Yet let no party her despise,
She is furnished with two pigs nies,
Though something of the largest size.



they doe become her neatly,
Her ears hang lolling toward the ground
More sauer then a mans is bound,
Thus are her fortunes still remou'd
By hearesay,

Great floze of suiters every day,
Resort vnto her as they say,
But who shall get this girls away,
As yet I doe not knowe :
But thus much I dare undertake,
If any doe a wife her make,
It is onely for her monyes sake
He looses her.

If any young man long to see
This creature wherefore she be,
I would haue him be rul'd by me,
And not to be too forward,
Lest he at last should fare the worse,
Although he haue a golden purse,
He is not fit to be a nurse
In England.

L. P.

FINIS

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